

CHARIVARIA.

MR. BUXTON has informed the House that an "Unemployment Insurance Bill" has been prepared. This must not be confused with the Budget. That is the "Bill for Ensuring Unemployment."

The writing on the wall? "Mr. ASQUITH's private house, 20, Cavendish Square, which has not been occupied except by a caretaker for some time, is now being redecorated and painted."

"I should greatly regret," said LORD LANSDOWNE, "any alteration in the name by which the Second Chamber might be known." His lordship is evidently unaware that in Liberal circles that institution is sometimes called "Lansdowne House."

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK, by the way, are advertising in their Zag-Zaw Puzzle Series:—"The House of Lords—a Magnificent Picture containing 250 Historic Figures—cut into upwards of 1,250 pieces." We can imagine no more acceptable gift for a Liberal politician than this.

SIR JOHN BIGHAM, the late President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, has taken the title of Baron MERSEY. This is as it should be—Justice combined with Mersey.

The choice of the Hon. IVOR GUEST does not strike us as being quite so happy. He has become Baron ST. LEDGERS—a title which might well have been left for a successful merchant or an owner of race-horses.

The Eltham Golf Club has presented a Japanese mantelpiece to the KING. The KING, it is stated, intends to present it to the QUEEN. It is not known yet to whom the QUEEN will present it.

Rumour has it that our Admiralty, which was never more alert than now, has at last decided to adopt and even improve on the German policy of secrecy. Statements, it is said, such as the following, will be issued from time to time:—"H.M.S. *Leviathan* was launched yesterday." "H.M.S. *Goliath* successfully took the water on Tuesday." "On Wednesday last H.M.S. *Awful* and H.M.S. *Terrific* were added to the British Navy." "H.M.S. *Tremendous* left the slips on Friday." As no mention will be made of the fact that these vessels are merely dispatch

boats, the effect on our rivals will be terrifying.

The mystery of the famous Flora bust tends to become deeper. Dr. BODE declares that the wax which Dr. PINKUS asserts proves the modernity of the work of art was taken from the outside of the bust, and this may very likely have been worked on by LUCAS. Now the inside of the bust was shown to consist of a Victorian bed-quilt. What, then, is left for poor LEONARDO?

There is, we hear, a strange mis-

lishers, for instance, is announcing, at considerable expense, that "Everyone is reading" a certain novel which he has just issued. Surely, if everyone is reading the book, it is sheer waste of energy and money to attempt to increase the number of readers.

And a certain City firm is advertising itself as "Artists in Gentlemen's Hat Wear." Now, if "foot wear" is what the foot wears, and "neck wear" is what the neck wears, please what is "hat wear"? It must be the ribbon round the hat.



A GLASS OR TWO.

Voice from the Smoking Room. "WELL, HOW IS IT, MAJOR? STILL RISING?"
The Investigator. "No, No. STEADY'S A ROCK, M'BOY!"

understanding in Notting Dale as to the effect of the Police Rest Bill. In consequence of this misunderstanding many criminals whose religious scruples do not forbid it are making arrangements to work in future only on Sundays.

"I did not know where to look when the Classical Dancer appeared," wrote a modest lady critic in a lady's paper. With commendable enterprise a well-known firm of publishers is said to have promptly sent her an advertisement of their little book of reference, entitled, "Where to Look."

By-the-by, the ways of some advertisers are strange. One of our pub-

And "—'s BLACKLEAD MEANS MORE TIME IN BED," declares an exceedingly subtle advertisement which caught our eye the other day. We can only imagine the meaning of this to be that, if you black your face and hands, you need not wash in the morning.

A USEFUL FORMULA.

"It claims kinship with *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, *The Golden Age*, *The Lady of the Decoration*, and others which have charmed thousands, but it has an individuality all its own."—From a recent publisher's prospectus dealing with various forthcoming works.]

MESSRS. Odder and Thynne will shortly publish a book of fantastic adventure entitled *Thirty Million Miles through Space*. Though betraying a striking resemblance to the romances of the late JULES VERNE, it nevertheless has an intrinsic originality which justifies its existence as an independent work of genius.

Mr. Anthony Faith will shortly publish through the firm of Jones, Younger & Co. a thrilling story entitled *The Captive of Brenda*. As unthinking critics may be led to associate the work

with similar effusions from another pen, it is as well to state, that though a strong family resemblance is noticeable, the names of the characters and of the country in which the scene is laid are the exclusive invention of the author, who, we have the best authority for asserting, is a man of such pronounced and aggressive originality that he has never read the works of SCOTT, DICKENS or THACKERAY.

From "Answers to Correspondents" in *The Huntingdonshire Post*:—

"A SUFFERER.—Take a hip-bath as hot as can be borne before the pain comes on." The pain will come on then, anyhow.

THE MINOR POET ABROAD.

"LAY down," they said, "that tinkling lyre;
Relax awhile your weary nerve;
And take the rest that you desire
And we, your patrons, well deserve;
Go, seek the Côte d'azur, and there,
Tonic for wits grown rather weedy,
Imbibe the balmy sort of air
Associated with the Midi."

A kindly thought, yet breathed in vain!
There lurks within this seething breast
(Habitual haunt of toil and strain)
Something that will not let me rest;
Others may taste relief from strife
Once they have sheathed the pen or sabre,
For me there is no peace in life
Save such as comes from change of labour.

My mind, I own, is not distraught;
This tideless blue I have to thank
That in my so-called brain is wrought
(Witness these lines) a perfect blank;
But in another sphere I've earned
Réclame for most amazing vigour,
For where my appetite's concerned
I labour like a very nigger

And not alone at private shows
Have privileged spectators seen
What energy my waistcoat throws
Into my host's superb cuisine;
But where all ways in Monte meet,
Amid the flower of Europe's heroes,
Full many a gastronomic feat
Has got me fair renown at Ciro's.

Not for myself I aim so high
In realms of pure Lucullan art;
For England's sake my best I try,
Changing my heaven, but not my heart;
For this I gladly stretch my frame
In frequent orgies at the Paris—
That you may win reflected fame,
My Punch ("The London Charivari")!

Cap Martin, March 21st.

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S REPERTORY THEATRE.

No. IV.—ASSASSINAZIONE.

[Freely translated, with the exception of certain sounds of rage,
from the original Sicilian.]

Characters.

GRASSO FURIOSO.

BRAGAGLIA PASSIONATA.

THE SYNDIC.

Priests, Villagers and Policemen.

SCENE—A ground-floor room in a Sicilian house. The rising
of the curtain discloses Bragaglia struggling in the arms
of The Syndic.

Bragaglia. Unhand me. This is, indeed, a fine thing.
And you claim to be the friend of Grasso. Unhand me, I
say. (She smacks his face violently with both hands at once.)
Hah! That has made your face redder than ever. Help,
help! What, no one? Let go, you monster! Grastogolino,
grasto, gushi garozzo gruff gurozzo! (She frees herself.)
At last!

The Syndic. What ails you to-day? Why this sudden
modesty? Yesterday you laid your head on my shoulder,

and to-day you beat me in the face. But remember, I too
have the feelings of a man, and I will not bear to be
insulted too much. [A female villager rushes in.

The Female Villager. Bragaglia, Bragaglia, he is coming.
He is but a short distance away now. He will be here soon.
[She rushes out.

The Syndic. What does she mean? Who is coming?

Bragaglia. Have you not heard? And you a Syndic too!
Grasso is coming, my Grasso, whom I lost ten years ago.

The Syndic. What!! Grasso, who killed Cesare and
Umberto?

Bragaglia. Yes. There is only one Grasso.

The Syndic. Thank the saints for that. But ten years
of prison and work in the sulphur mines will have tamed
him. Pooh! I snap my fingers at Grasso. He is a poor
man. I am a rich man. I will win you in spite of Grasso.

Bragaglia. Take care. You little know him if you think
he will abandon me.

The Syndic. Let us sit down and reason out the situation
before he comes. [They sit down at a table.

Bragaglia. Now say what you have to say quickly.

The Syndic. Bragaglia, if I swear to be content henceforth
to be no more than a brother to you, will you give me one
last kiss?

Bragaglia. Yes, a last one—but make haste about it, for
Grasso will be here directly.

[They kiss. As they do so a human eye comes flying in
through the open window and lands on the table,
unnoticed by Bragaglia and The Syndic. The eye
is shooting out flames of rage and jealousy.

The Eye (aside). I am the right eye of Grasso. He has
sent me in advance, for he is detained by the villagers. But
he will be here directly. Let me dissemble. [It dissembles.

The Syndic. Bragaglia, that was a most pleasant kiss. May
I have just one more?

Bragaglia. Hurry up, then.

[They kiss again. At this moment there is a loud noise
as of several lions and tigers outside the house. The
kissers fly apart, and Grasso, with a crowd of vil-
lagers in attendance, bursts into the room.

Grasso. At last, then, I am back with those who know me.
You at least are not deceived. I had to kill them.

A Villager. That is true. Any one of us would have acted
as you did. But you have suffered terribly.

Another Villager. Yes, you are blind in one eye.

Grasso (aside). Where can that eye have got to? (Aloud)
Ho there, Bragaglia, the polenta!

[She brings the polenta in a bowl, which she places on the
table, covering the eye.

Bragaglia. Here it is, Grasso. You remember me, then?

Grasso. Yes, yes, I remember you. (Aside) Where can
that eye have hidden itself?

The Eye (from under the bowl). Help! help!

Grasso (aside, as he turns to the bowl). Hah, it is there. (He
lifts the bowl and replaces the eye in its socket.) Gooroo!
laminaraggio! Diabolissimo! Gizzardo! Stiletto! Ruggiero!
Rugg—Rugg—Graggiolento!

A Villager. What is the matter with him?

Grasso. I see all now. Bragaglia, prepare to die. Some-
one hold The Syndic till I'm ready for him.

Bragaglia. I am innocent.

The Syndic. It was her fault.

Grasso. You must both die. Gizzardo, ma non troppo!

Bragaglia. Spare me!

[He rushes at her, seizes her by the hair, severs her head
from her body, kicks it round the room, and then
cuts her into forty separate pieces.

Grasso. Now for The Syndic. [He chops him up.

The Villagers. Justice is done.

[The police enter, and Grasso kills them all.



THE PROBLEM PICTURE.

SCENE—Selecting Committee's Room at the Peers' Royal Academy.

LORD ROSEBERY. "THAT'S MINE. PRETTY GOOD, EH?"

LORD LANSDOWNE. "H'M, I CAN'T SAY I QUITE——"

LORD CURZON. "I'M SURE I COULD IMPROVE IT."

LORD HALSBURY. "TAKE IT AWAY!"





Fond Mother. "I DIDN'T SEND TONY TO SCHOOL THIS TERM BECAUSE OF THE INFLUENZA, BUT I THINK HE'LL GO NEXT TERM." (*To small Schoolboy*) "LET ME SEE, CHARLIE, WHAT IS NEXT TERM?"

Charlie. "GENERALLY MUMPS."

Grasso. Next, please.

[*Two priests enter.*]

First Priest. Grasso, you have been overdoing it.

Second Priest. But certainly you were greatly provoked.

Grasso. Ouf! grouf! grrrrr! [*He kills himself.*]

Villagers. And now let us celebrate our yearly festival.

[*The Church bells ring without. All troop out.*
Curtain.]

THE COUNTER-REJECTION.

BELINDA, when I dumped the other day

My heart before your fashionable boot-tips,
And you replied with an immediate "Nay,"

But then bethought you of the love-god's cute tips,
And asked me kindly to remain
Your brother—the request was vain.

I have conferred this boon (whene'er I could)

On those who thought to ease my bosom's blisters
With friendship's balm; but be it understood

I have no vacancy just now for sisters,

No opening at the present date

For prayerful "followers of my fate."

Dot has been that for ages, so has Joyce;

There's Laura too (though her demand was weaker);

But, goodness! had I failed to use my choice,

Had I bestowed a berth on every seeker

To serve as my Platonic chum,

There would have been a fine old scrum.

Besides, Belinda, though your queenly brows,
Your perfect elegance, might prove a treasure
Regarded from the standpoint of a spouse,
I scarcely think you'd satisfy the measure
Of friendship's untempestuous throb;
That is a rather brainy job.

You'd have to laugh at all my lightest jokes,
To pen the warm encouraging epistle;
Bless you, not every face in furs and toques
That dooms me to devour the leek (or thistle)
Is fit to join that little band
Who help, who praise, who understand.

No, when the bard is searching for a wife,
The careless feet of hundreds of enslavers
May pound his soul and prance upon his life;
But when they proffer him a sister's favours
He has a right to pick and choose,
And yours, Belinda, I refuse.

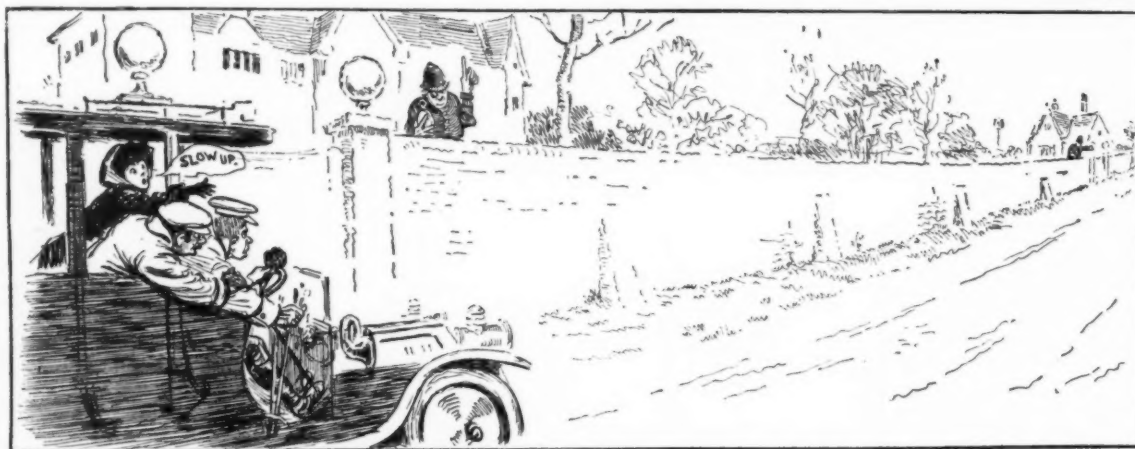
EVOE.

Extracts from a breezy article on Dark Rooms in Photography:

"At night, unless we resort to artificial illumination, all rooms are dark . . .

As is well known by most people, the photographer's dark room is not actually dark, but is illuminated by red light only. The best way of getting the right sort of red light for the purpose is by means of a red lamp. . . .

There are many ways of darkening a window . . ."



MR. R., WHOSE CHARMING RESIDENCE ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD WAS UTTERLY UNINHABITABLE ON ACCOUNT OF THE MOTOR DUST, HAS

SUPPLEMENTARY CRITICISM.

A RECENT issue of *The Pall Mall Gazette* initiates a new and fruitful method of dramatic criticism. Under the head of "Theatrical Notes" we read the following:—

"The following extracts from the letter of a very experienced and shrewd playgoer giving his impressions of a visit to the Duke of York's Theatre to see *Justices* will perhaps be of interest:—

"If, as I suppose, Galsworthy thinks weak criminals should be treated as patients, I do not agree with him; but it is a horribly difficult question and I think he sets forth his case with admirable moderation. Falder, alas! . . . could never have been any good. The play left me with a feeling that an alteration in prison discipline was most desirable. The trial scene was finely managed. Eadie was very fine, though I think there was too little difference between the boy before and after imprisonment. Boucicault, Hersee, and Bryant I thought lifelike. . . . Cokeson appeared to me a blot on the play. He was a weak imitation of a character out of Dickens, and a Dickens' character in twentieth century surroundings must be a caricature. The part was theatrical, and I thought Gwenn played it very theatrically."

In the same letter the writer gives his impressions of *The Tenth Man*, concerning which he is, I think, in agreement with most critics in declaring his George Winter the best thing Mr. Bouchier has ever done. 'He was the man,' he writes, 'and his technique was a delight.'"

We venture to afford some further specimens of this vicarious criticism in which the impressions of the anonymous but influential outsider are quoted to supplement or correct those of the regular representative.

From "*The Daily Telegraph*."

A famous athlete and ex-Varsity Blue thus summarises his impressions of the performance of *Othello* by the Sicilians. The freshness and originality of his point of view will better be understood

when it is explained that he had never read or seen a representation of SHAKESPEARE'S version:—

"What the show was about or what the actors were driving at, of course I hadn't the foggiest notion whatever. I always thought *Othello* was an Italian, but it seems that he was a black man with a very bad temper and absolutely no knowledge of the Queensberry rules. He had a scrap with a Johnny called *Iago*, a most decent quiet sort of chap, and mauled him shockingly. And finally he had a row with his wife, a quiet sort of woman, strangled her, and then killed himself. Personally I can't understand why people want to see this sort of a play. I only know that it took away my appetite, and I couldn't eat a bit of supper afterwards at the Savoy."

From "*The Times*."

We offer no excuse for laying before our readers the subjoined vivid appreciation of the latest *Levity* success from the pen of a distinguished Greek Professor:—

"What ARISTOTLE would have thought of *Our Miss Dibs* is a rather difficult question to answer. But if it be the function of tragedy to purify the soul of the spectator by pity and terror, so, it may be urged, musical comedy ought to elevate the intellect by refinement and wit. And I am certain that HOMER would have appreciated the all-pervasive smile, the *ἀνιρηθὺς γέλασμα*, of Miss Goethe Schiller in the name part. Compared with the score of *Elektra*, it is true that the instrumentation of *Our Miss Dibs* betrays a certain tenuity of texture. But the melodic charm of the songs is undeniable, and when we come to the lyrics—the joint work of Mr. Harry France, Lionel Greenwood, Hadrian Boss, Peter Epstein, and Orlando Meldon—it is not too much to say that

they equal, if they do not surpass, the *αἰσχρολογία* of ARISTOPHANES in his most unbridled mood. All things considered, then, this is a very rare and vital entertainment, in which topical allusiveness, temperamental vivacity, and a sumptuous *mise-en-scène* combine to titillate the auditor with superlative success."

From "*The Nation*."

A distinguished member of the Cabinet has kindly furnished us with the following interesting comments on Mr. SHAW'S *Misalliance*:—

"The true significance of Mr. SHAW'S brilliant satire has so far been entirely misapprehended. In the first place it shows the danger of prolonged political discussion without resort to a more drastic application of the closure than is at present possible. Secondly it is an overwhelming condemnation of the hereditary system as illustrated by a neurotic youth and an anarchic girl. Lastly it is a superb indication of the sanity and wisdom of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission and foreshadows the speedy establishment of a model city organised on the eugenic system, and bearing the inspiring name of Webbville."

From "*The Morning Post*."

The greatest living Imperialist—we had almost said the greatest man since NAPOLEON—has generously placed at our disposal these poignant observations on *Elektra*:—

"No one who has witnessed this magnificent work can have failed to notice the extraordinary political parable which underlies the contest between *Elektra* and *Clytemnestra*. *Elektra*, sustained throughout all the years of servitude and misery by the thought of retaliation, typifies the cause of Tariff Reform, while *Clytemnestra*, plastered



RID HIMSELF OF THE NUISANCE BY A SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE DEVICE.

with cheap jewellery 'made in Egypt,' is a living incarnation of the cruelty, the vulgarity and the corruption inherent in the system of Free Imports . . . The figure of Orestes, I may note, reminded me curiously of Lord MILNER, while the exultation of the crowd at the close was strongly reminiscent of the enthusiasm displayed by the Tariff Reformers in the recent East Marylebone election."

PERILLA PROTESTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Under the heading "Nature for Nature's Sake," you printed the other day a letter from Lucan, evidently intended to convey the impression that he and a certain Perilla named in it had carried the worship of animals to a point when it became a nuisance. Now, Mr. Punch, I am the Perilla concerned, and I know I need only mention that fact to secure from your well-known gallantry the opportunity of putting things in the right light.

So far from animals being any nuisance here, we suffer from the want of them. We actually still cut our tennis lawn with a horrid noisy mowing-machine because of Lucan's refusal to buy the dear little baby donkey with which I fell in love in Connemara two years ago, though it would have grazed it beautifully, and could easily have stood in the knife-house whilst we were playing. Moreover, I have had to fill our dovecote with the pigeons, which all our neighbours say damage their gardens so much, because Lucan would not bring home the four young cormorants we found in their nest in Skye. He didn't deny they would be perfectly sweet in the garden if we re-built the pigeon-loft and sank the sitz-bath in the tulip bed, but he made excuses about the

difficulty of transportation—as if he could possibly have forgotten the parakeets we brought right across Europe from Vienna (such much nicer little darlings than those at the bird-fancier's round the corner here), or the tarantula we should certainly have got safely home from South Africa if Lucan hadn't suddenly refused in the Red Sea to keep it any longer in the corner of his berth. Of course I know he was feeling ill at the time—I mean Lucan was, not the tarantula; that must have been perfectly right and healthy, poor little thing, for it bit a sailor's bare foot only the next morning, and the cruel wretch killed it. Then there was the pelican we saw at Jamrach's, which was a perfect duck and would have been really useful too, for the man said he would only eat absolutely fresh fish, so that if you offered him what the fishmonger sent for your dinner, and he ate it, you could be sure it wouldn't have done you any harm. And there was the baby alligator, the sweetest little mite, which I had on approval from Cross's one day, until Lucan happened to come home hot and dusty in the evening and got into the big bath with him in the dusk—but, as I said at the time, you must put alligators in water, and where else was there?

The fact is, most people get cross with animals if they don't behave better than Christians; like Aunt Caroline, who annoyed the parrot every Sunday for five years by wagging her horrid false front just outside his cage, and then altered her will because he took it in at last.

I had heaps more to say when I sat down, but Dicky is singing so gloriously I can't remember it; and if I don't soon take Lucan's book of artificial flies away from the puppy I'm afraid he'll

hook himself. I think if one keeps animals at all one ought to look after them, don't you?

Yours confidently,
PERILLA LOVEITT.

"RINKING, RINKING, RINKING."

WITH Stella cool and very smart
At double turns on rollers,
I fain would skate; she's won my heart;
I'm anxious to cajole hers.
But when the maid my signal sees
She "two-steps" by like winking;
I follow, though I'm not at ease
When rinking, rinking, rinking.
My feet feel rather out of hand,
Half measures don't content them,
They leave me even when I stand
Nor can I circumvent them.
Their treachery results in spills;
My dear avoids me, shrinking,
She finds no fun in thuds and thrills
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

When other maids I would induce
To skate with me and chance it,
They spurn me with a cold excuse
As cutting as a lancet.
And so my secret hope grows weak,
As to the ground I'm sinking,
Of rousing Stella's jealous pique
When rinking, rinking, rinking.

"PUBLIC BAND.—The attendance on February 13 was 733, and on February 20, 766. On both occasions the Hall was emptied in 4 minutes."—*Shanghai Municipality Gazette*.

We have heard bands like that in England.

"Mention should be made of the accompanist and prompter, both of whom were heard to distinct advantage."—*Eastern Daily Press*.
In amateur theatricals the prompter generally is.

REAL REFORM.

[This article was apparently intended for *Halsbury's Hebdomadal Review*. Having mislaid that paper's address and not knowing where the offices of *Wemyss's Weekly* are, we print the article ourselves.]

THE news that Lord ROSEBERY's "reform resolutions" are purely academic, and that in any case his indictment of the hereditary principle didn't mean what you thought it meant, has been received in the country with feelings of relief and thankfulness. Our reputation as a nation of sportsmen would be gone for ever if once our faith in the House of Lords as an impartial revising body were shattered. The urgent business before us now is that reform of the House of Commons to which more than one noble speaker in the Upper House has called attention. Let us see what can be done in this direction.

It is obvious in the first place that any extreme difference of opinion between the two Houses must result, as things go at present, in a deadlock, which is bound to bring about a considerable disturbance in the business of the country unless one or other side gives way. For the House of Lords to give way would be to render its labours null and void, and it is doubtful if their Lordships would consent to give their services to the country if these were to be spurned at the first moment of crisis. For the House of Commons to give way appears at first sight to be the natural solution of the difficulty, and it has worked perfectly well for hundreds of years; but we must move with the times, and the times are ripe for a change. What change, then, is possible?

Plainly it would be better to prevent the deadlock than to set about curing it when it had arisen. That is to say, we must bring the two Houses more into line with each other, so that differences of opinion may be made impossible. The Socialist (and Anarchist) would do this by altering the composition of the House of Lords: that House which saved the Empire only a short time ago by postponing the construction of tram lines along the Embankment until the country was ripe for the extraordinary innovation. He would attack the hereditary principle, and by so doing strike a blow at the Throne itself. That is the Socialist remedy; but the great heart of the country would not tolerate it for a moment, particularly when it sees before it another remedy, delightful in its simplicity.

It is simply this: *Alter the composition of the House of Commons, so as to bring it into line with the House of Lords.*

How shall this reformed and impartial House of Commons be constituted? That, of course, will have to be a matter

for careful thought by a Select Committee of the House of Lords; but we may venture to draw up a rough plan.

The House of Commons should consist of 555 members; 250 to be nominated and 300 to be elected, together with 5 life members.

The nominated members should be chosen as follows:—

Selected by the House of Lords	100
Specially nominated by Lord HALSBURY (counting four each on a division) ...	50
Nominated by Lord ROTHSCHILD.	30
Nominated by Lord BURTON ...	30
Nominated by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY ...	20
Nominated by Lords CURZON, MILNER, and CROMER (six each)	18
Nominated by Lord ROSEBERY ...	1
Nominated by Lord CREWE ...	1
	250

These 250 impartial members should sit in the House of Commons for a period of twenty years; that is to say, for two Parliaments. Every ten years 300 members will be elected as follows: One hundred special qualified members, commanding the confidence of the country, will be elected by the House of Commons. These will be chosen from

- (a) Municipal Reform Aldermen.
- (b) Defeated Unionist Candidates.
- (c) The Stock Exchange.
- (d) The Trade.
- (e) Brighton.

Two hundred will be elected by the constituencies in the ordinary way; a Redistribution Bill having first been passed by the House of Lords, by which England will be divided into 197 constituencies—Scotland, Ireland and Wales returning one member apiece.

Five Life Members will be chosen by some high and impartial authority (*e.g.*, the Duke of NORFOLK). These would be moderate and independent men, belonging to no party. The first five might be:

- The Editor of *The Times*.
- The Secretary of the Navy League.
- The Secretary of the National Service League.
- The Secretary of the Property Defence League.
- Lord TORPHICHEN (if he'll be good).

We venture to say that a House of Commons constituted on these lines would receive the approbation of all right-thinking men in the country. It would also act in harmony with the House of Lords—that House which for its impartiality is the pride of every true sportsman in Britain and the admiration of the whole world. Were the House constituted thus, there would be no putting of party before country, indeed

no considerations of party at all. Can it be doubted that such a state of things would commend itself to the nation at large? Can it be doubted that such a state of things will only be decently brought about by a true and patriotic reform of the House of Commons? A. A. M.

BELLS, BELLS, BELLS.

[“The bell-ringers of — set up a fresh record last Thursday evening, when they rang ten million changes of Treble Bob major (and as many more of T. B. mi.) in 2 hrs. 22½ mins.” —*Any local paper.*]

PEERLESS—nay, *unapproachable*—Quartette,

You hold the record? Well, that *must* be ripping!

My! and the exercise you fellows get!

The sweat

You set

A-dripping!

For golf, of course, you never cared a pin;

You left (quite rightly) cricket in the lurch, too;

But, oh! what fun to usher evening in

With din;

And in

A church, too!

Yet, tell me, now (accepting from a scamp

Who swings a pagan brassie, due apology),

What moved you first, disdainful of the damp,

To ramp

At camp-

anology?

Was it that your too solid flesh might melt

And you become as nimble as a pup with it?

Still, you must often (though it made your belt

So *svelte*)

Have felt

Fed up with it.

Or lurked some magic in the Treble Bob,

Some anti-tocsin, good against satiety?

Or did you dream that at the belfry's sob

The mob

Might throb

With piety?

Ah, that result were fine, if it were real;

No doubt, it's added virtue that you wish us.

And yet, oh dear! each time I hear your peal

I feel

A deal

More vicious!



The Vicar. "WELL, GILES, DID YOU FIND MY LECTURE DRY LAST NIGHT?"

Giles. "WELL, SIR, I WOULDN'T GO SO FUR AS TO SAY THAT, BUT WHEN YOU STOPS IN THE MIDDLE TO 'EV A SWIG, THOUGH IT WAS ONLY WATER, I SES TO MY MISSUS, 'EAR, 'EAR!'"

SINE QUA NON.

I AM, dear Madam, in receipt of yours,
And note you ask me for the second prox.;
This I accept upon the following terms:—

I.

You shall dispose me as it seemeth best,
Upstairs, downstairs, inside or out of doors.
Outside, to fish or hunt or feed the chickens:
Inside, to read or bridge or stroke the dogs.
To sleep by night on linen or on straw:
To rise at six, or nine, or not at all:
To shave in boiling, cold or tepid water:
To feast on peaches or to starve on cheese:
To live, in short, just as it suits yourself.
(This, on the whole, an easy term for you.)

II.

Myself, to make myself no sort of nuisance;
To come by trains which footmen cannot meet,
To bring my bag upon my private back
From station up to house and there unpack it:
To make myself of use about the place,
To do the seemlier of the menial tasks,
Then bribe the menial persons heavily,
And make my exit, carrying bag to station.
(This not too lenient a term for me.)

III.

You not to speak to me, unless you want to,
But I to talk or listen as required,
And entertain, if wished, the dull and plain.
(This also not too hard a term for you.)

IV.

Yourself to use and lose my knives and pencils,
But I to pay for articles I smash.

It has not yet appeared where I come in,
But now it shall. For reasons of caprice,
Of greed, or health, economy or sin,
I take my tea with neither milk nor sugar.
The fifth condition:—I to have my tea
Severely neat, and not a question asked,
Nor one suggestion made, however apt. . . .
This last requires, perhaps, some explanation.

Five thousand times I've made that small request,
Five thousand exclamations of surprise
Have greeted it; and, when they were exclaimed,
Five thousand lumps of sugar have occurred,
Five thousand drops of milk have wandered in.
Then, when at last the hand that rocks the pot
Had been induced to carry out instructions,
It has been put to me five thousand times
That I should take my tea in Russian fashion
(Alleged) from tumblers with a slice of lemon.
When I had heard this jest, say, fifty times,
I tried the process, much against my will,
And found the combination simply horrid.
And now the bare suggestion nauseates,
And makes my living insupportable.

I hope you gather that I stipulate
My fifth condition to be paramount.
Which, if agreed, I bind myself to come,
And sign myself, Yours more than faithfully.



Age 1 Inhabitant (as a motor suddenly goes past). "EH, DEARIE ME, THE PLACE GROWS MORE LIKE LONDON EVERY DAY!"

THE FRENZY IN THE FORCE.

[A case—the second of its kind—is reported from Bristol of a policeman who paints when off duty and has exhibited pictures.]

EVER we knew them firm but kind,
Keen, when a row arose, to whelm it,
But not till lately looked to find
The artist underneath the helmet;
But now the facts are guaranteed,
The coat of blue, the buttons argent
May hide a CONSTABLE, indeed
A veritable SARGENT.

And not the painter's art alone,
I like to feel, is represented
Amongst the lads of eighteen stone
By leathern cinctures circumvented;
Somewhere, I ween, perspiring hard,
Because they will not let him go it,
Behind the tunic silver-starred
I have a brother poet.

He does not prance adown Pall Mall,
No wave-like curl his forehead borders,
He does not wear the vocal shell,
For these would be against his orders;
But far away, on fancy's beat,
His spirit still is fain to follow,
With tramlings of tremendous feet,
The lute-string of Apollo.

Oft, when he takes his note-book out
To write some mystic screed upon it,
That which you dimly deemed no
doubt

The cabman's number, was a sonnet;
And whiles, when duty bids him lug
From Downing Street obstreperous
maidens,
He modifies the march to jug
With dithyrambic cadence.

And sometimes I may dare to hope,
While slumber holds our earthly
senses,

But up the Orient skyline's slope
The usual business recommences,
That, heedless of convention's whims,
The scowls of his inspector scorn-
ing,

He stands upon his toes and hymns
(Like *Chantecler*) the morning.

Forgive me if I go too far
By fond imaginings transported,
But, if I ever face the Bar,
If ever to the beaks escorted,
I have to hang the shamefaced head
With types that come disgraceful
croppers,
May my melodious charge be read
By Tennysonian coppers.

The Critic.

"The Moody-Manners' company brought to a close its visit on Saturday night with Wallace's 'Maritana,' the rendering of which was decidedly clever. Mr. John Child as Don Cesar de Bazan was exceedingly clever, and Mr. Graham Marr as Don Jose, and Mr. William Anderson as King of Spain were also very clever. The title role was excellently taken by Madame Beatrice La Palme, and Miss M Gaythorpe was clever in the role of the Marchioness."

What's the matter with Madame LA PALME that she shouldn't be called clever too?

"The present indifference of game b'rds to danger, early bees, hedgerows in the house, the cunning habits of the wake-robin plant, and the quarrelsomeness of cock pigeons, are dealt with in 'In the Country.'"—*Daily Express*.

There's simply no pleasing game birds—they don't seem to care about anything.

Another Contortionist.

"Either manner, or the possession of what Meredith described in Sir Willoughby Patterne as a 'leg,' seemed to shut out from Mr. McKenna's eye any mental view of the party behind him."—*The Nation*.

MR. MCKENNA must do this again.

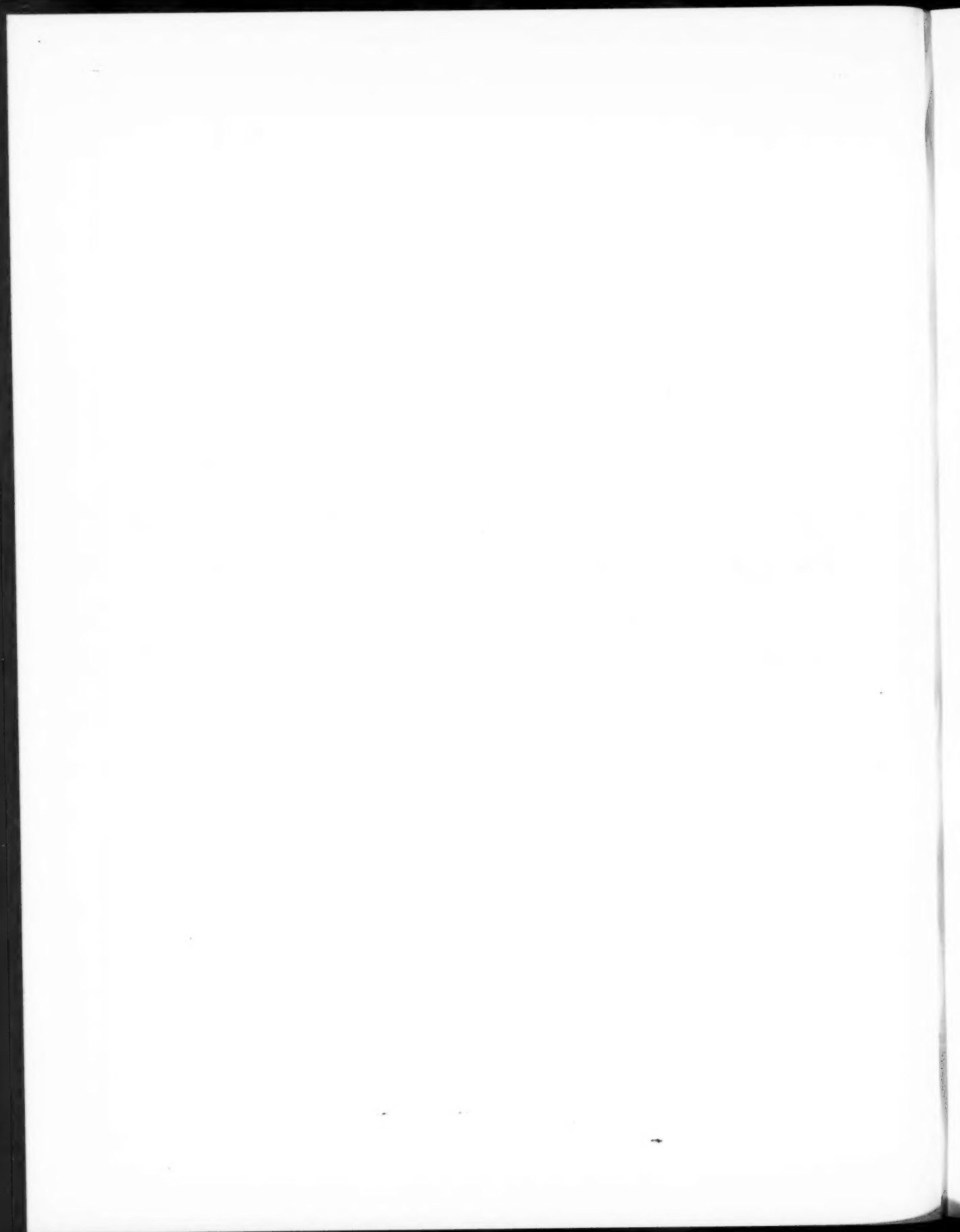


“THE BLAST OF WAR.”

KING HENRY (MR. ASQUITH). “ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS, ONCE MORE!” . . .

FLUELLEN (MR. LLOYD GEORGE). “UP TO THE BREACH, YOU DOGS! AVAUNT, YOU CULLIONS!”

King Henry the Fifth, Act III.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE PENGUIN THAT FELL ON ITS MARCH!

(A tragic picture suggested by the simile of Mr. Lloyd George)

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—In Lords to-night discussing ROSEBURY'S Resolution for reform of House, RIDLEY in fine sentence declared, "It is necessary that we should march with the times and have a fresh current of air."

In the Commons this hygienic desire was lavishly realised. Current of air, in fact, amounted to brisk breeze. Began to blow on motion for second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. STEEL-MAITLAND began it with indictment of Government for financial chaos following on rejection of Budget by Lords.

Special feature of lively debate was its wealth of literary allusion. STEEL-MAITLAND likened action of Government in matter of additional spirit duty to the incident of JACOB wrestling with the

Angel. LLOYD GEORGE, he said, had wrestled with the distillers, refusing to let their spirit go until they had stumped up the added three-and-nine.

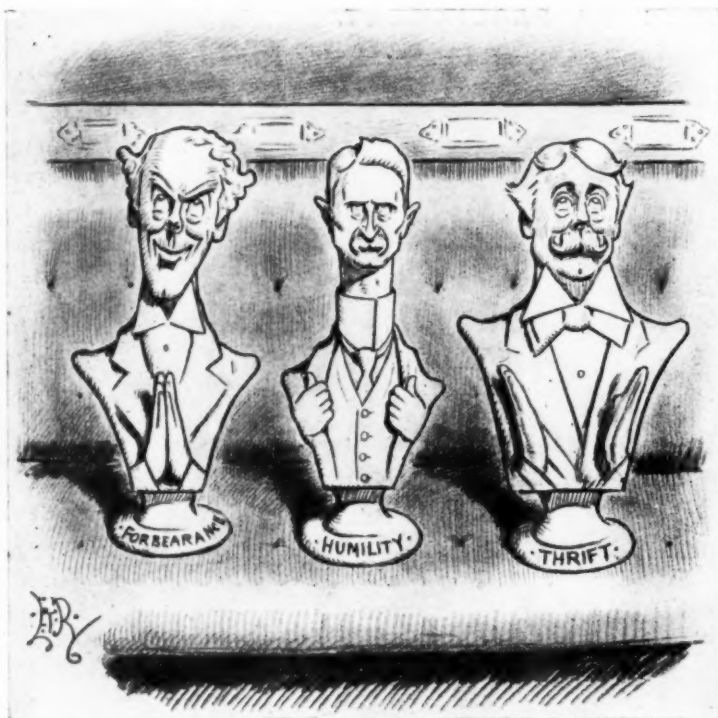
FLUELLEN LLOYD GEORGE went to SHACKLETON'S book for his parallel. The almost-discoverer of South Pole tells how, when penguins carry their young, if one falls on the march, all the rest tumble over it, and in their anxiety to set it on its legs, tear the little one to pieces.

"That is what is happening now," said FLUELLEN, ever apt at parallels (you remember Macedon and Monmouth). "The poor old Budget has fallen in its march, thrown down by a cruel House of Lords, and all the penguins are pecking at it. There is one," he cried, pointing at SON AUSTEN seated on t'other side of

Table. "And I can see another lying in wait," he continued, indicating blameless COUSIN HUGH below the Gangway wringing his hands in ill-subdued indignation.

When COUSIN HUGH'S turn came he found his illustration in "Jackanapes," which tells how a perverse little boy sat in a puddle with deliberate design to soil his trousers.

"It is the same with the Government," said COUSIN HUGH, performing his favourite trick, at which Labour Members never cease to wonder, of seizing his left wrist with right hand and turning it completely round. "They are anxious to sit in puddles and make as much dirt as possible, so that they may charge the House of Lords with having spoiled their fine clothes."



THREE PLASTER BUSTS OF THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

A collection of sculpture which the imagination of Mr. Gibson Bowles refused to conjure up. (Messrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Bonar Law, and George Wyndham.)

Next to this profusion of literary lore was notable the directness of personal attack. FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY, following STEEL-MAITLAND, rammed him with declaration that he was "wrong in every fact he asserted."

BONAR LAW likened Government to a beaten fox.

"What is the use," he asked his hon. friend behind, "of trying to discover the principle on which the Government is acting? The Government has no principle. Argal it cannot be found or stated. It would be unreasonable to ask a fox to give an explanation of the twistings and turnings to which it had recourse before its strength was exhausted and the hounds were upon it."

FLUELLEN retorted that BONAR LAW was "always positive and always inaccurate."

As SPEAKER heard all this without interposition, it follows that two interesting additions have been made to catalogue of what are known as Parliamentary words. You may not call hon. Member from whom you differ a goose; but you may without rebuke from the Chair allude to him as a penguin. Similarly, if BONAR LAW called CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER a wolf he would instantly be called to order. He may with impunity speak of him as a fox.

Business done.—Consolidated Funds Bill read a second time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Not since the gentle LOCHIEL received his fateful warning ("For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight") has there been such thrilling episode as that which to-night shook the House of Lords. It followed close upon speech by HALSBURY, of itself calculated to unnerve the most reckless Backwoodsman. Instinctively, probably unconsciously, throwing his lithe figure into attitude of Ajax defying the lightning, the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR besought the Peers to ponder ere they committed suicide at the instigation of ROSEBERRY.

Then came BATHURST, hitherto an unfamiliar figure in debate, henceforward assured of warmest welcome. He joined in melancholy prognostication of collapse of the Constitution imminent on destruction of "the one place where the right of free speech exists, the one place where we respect the rights of property." Regarding with pained suspicion ROSEBERRY seated on Cross Bench holding on with both hands to the back of his head, discovered Socialism at the base of his Resolution. Then came the peerless peroration.

"My Lords," said BATHOS—I mean

BATHURST—with tears in his voice, "what will the children of the second and third generation of noble lords now sitting in this Chamber say if their inheritance be lightly given away? Beware, my lords, lest your descendants of the third and fourth generation turn and rend you."

Business done.—Division on ROSEBERRY's third Resolution declaring that possession of a Peerage shall no longer of itself give the right to sit and vote. AJAX HALSBURY, with that other young thing WEMYSS as co-teller, led seventeen



ONE OF THE RISING HOPES OF THE UNIONISTS.
"Steel-Maitland began it."

men into the Not Content Lobby, ROSEBERRY bringing up a motley brigade 175 strong.

Wednesday.—Parliament adjourned for Easter recess.

Sinister.

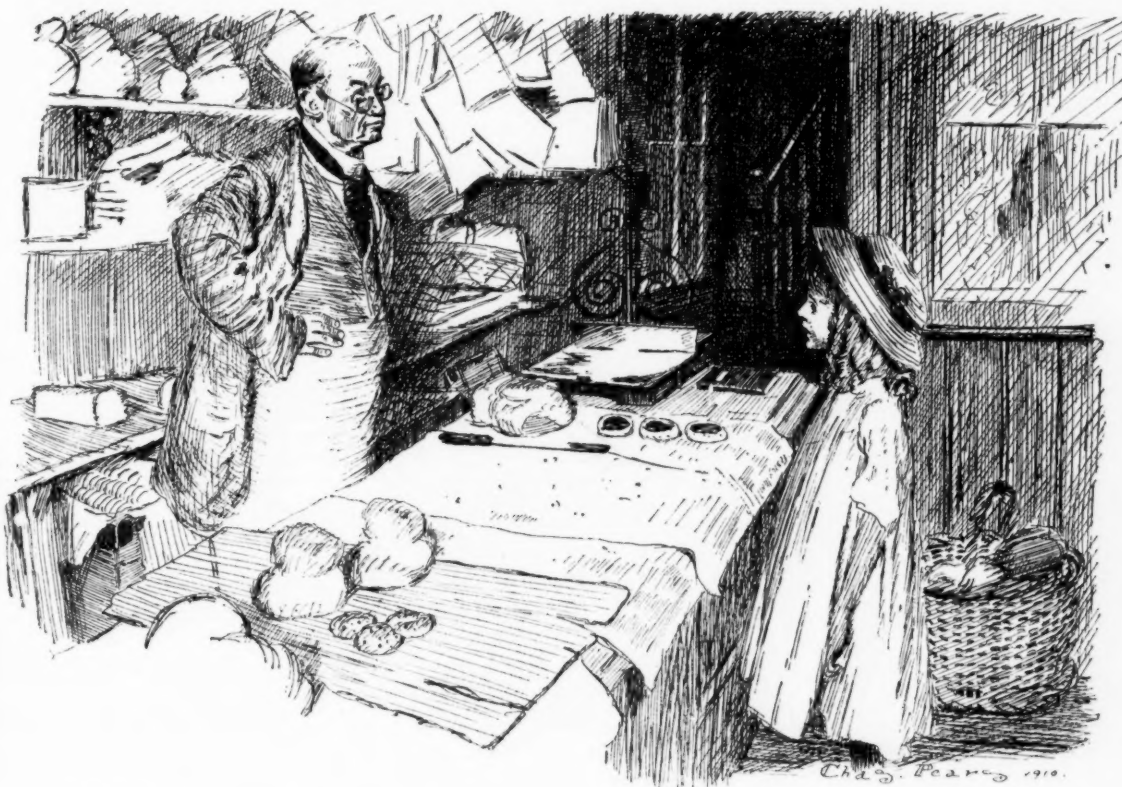
"The directorate [of the new shipping concern] will include Lord Pirrie . . . and probably Mr. David Jones."—*Shipping Gazette*.

Not Davy of the Locker, we trust.

"Coach wanted for intermediate B.Sc. Address G. G."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.
The Coach and Geeges together ought to pull through.

"Very charming pet bullfinch; comes out of cake; most interesting."—*The Lady*.

Just the thing for the pudding next Christmas.



Little Girl. "THAT BUN YOU SOLD ME YESTERDAY HAD A FLY IN IT, AND MUVER SAYS YOU OUGHT TO GIVE ME ANOTHER ONE."
Baker. "I CAN'T DO THAT; BUT TELL YOUR MA THAT IF SHE'LL LET ME HAVE THE FLY BACK I'LL GIVE HER A CURRANT FOR IT."

THOUGHTS IN BED.

To a bird outside the window.

SING, bird, if you insist:
 Certainly sing if that's the way you feel.
 Myself, I do not find my tepid zeal
 Inspired by morning mist.
 Despite your merry chant
 I have no wish to rise with you and dress.
 Apart from inclination, I confess
 Quite candidly—I can't.
 Talk of my sloth, call me what names you please;
 Really you do me wrong.
 I have a delicate throat, one sudden sneeze
 Would spoil your song.
 Still I quite see your view;
 If, as you say, the Spring has really come,
 You cannot well be dumb,
 Although the subject is not—well, quite new.

Proceed: you seem in form.
 I really loved that last long-drawn-out trill.
 I can appreciate more subtly still—
 Oh, much—if I keep warm.
 Sing on; it is not waste,
 Not scattering pearls before a sleepy swine.
 I'm something of an expert in your line,
 I have an ear and taste.
 Strange how we differ! You with audent strain
 Welcome the birth of light,

While like the lobster I would sleep again
 If so I might.
 I see why you're so brave;
 Though early you must rise to catch your worm,
 You do not have to squirm
 In icy tub, nor need the grisly shave.

I wish I had your luck.
 When I go townwards, you in airy flight
 Scatter your notes by flood and field. That quite
 Explains your present pluck.
 My life's a sordid round,
 And yours apparently one long romance.
 But why to-day such marked exuberance?
 Or have you proper ground
 For all that noise? When I pull up the blind,
 Will that for which I've yearned
 At last reward my patience? Shall I find
 The Sun returned?
 I'll do the desperate thing,
 I'll look—— You little liar! Same old rain
 Blurring the window-pane.
 Clear out. Still, if it's Spring, by all means sing.

"The bride as she stood at the altar revealed the proportions of a Jumbo."—*Local Paper.*
 Yes, it's a misprint, of course, but it is what the local paper generally means when it talks of the "proportions of a Juno."

STORIES OF GREAT CRIMES.

I.—HUGH WOTNOT'S GUILT.

CHAPTER I.—*I Introduce Myself.*

READER dear, I will lay before you my soul in all its naked candour. You shall know all my innermost feelings, all my self-doubtings, my self-suspensions, my self-loathings, as upon a day in November last I went into the Bank to cash a cheque.

I am a tall man with light wavy hair. My nose is aquiline (whatever that may be), and my mouth is just about perfect, fitted with a supply of teeth and every modern improvement. On second thoughts, I don't think that I will be a tall man with light wavy hair. I will be a short man, with black straight hair and not too much of that, and a figure inclining to stoutness. I will stick to the original nose and mouth. On third thoughts I will be a plain, ordinary Englishman, just the sort of man who would be going into a bank to cash a cheque.

CHAPTER II.—*The Dedication.*

This sad story is dedicated to all who have suffered as I have in the matter of cashing innocent cheques in a suspicious manner. The dedication should have come earlier, but the drayman who brought the 1,897 miles of paper on which this periodical is printed got the rolls out of order. The 1,895th mile got in before the 1,894th; hence the confusion.

CHAPTER III.—*Finance.*

The milkman, the coalman, my servant, the breadman, the cigarette-man and the man at the desk to whom I confide daily and with shame what I have eaten for lunch, and who then demands off me one-and-sixpence for hush-money—all these agreed that I wanted more cash. "Fourpence," they remarked, "is not enough to keep you in milk, coal, service, bread, cigarettes and hush for a day." How right they were! It was the work of the moment to sit down and write a cheque.

CHAPTER IV.—*Black Suspicion.*

The position was this:—I was Hugh Wotnot, and the Bank had £75 of my money. I wanted five pounds of it back, so I had written on a suitably-coloured piece of paper, "Pay Self, if you please, five pounds. (Signed) H. Wotnot." Immediately upon entering the Bank I was a suspected person. Moreover, I was only too glad that they did not call upon me to defend myself then and there, for I could not have asserted my innocence with any emphasis. To confess

the truth, I had no very great belief in it. Do you ever believe that you are entirely innocent of everything when you go into the bank to cash a cheque?

I came to the conclusion, after some thought, that I must be guilty of fraudulently, maliciously and goodness-knows-what-else-ly impersonating Hugh Wotnot. The defence that, "Dash it all, I am Hugh Wotnot," did not, it seemed to me, deserve consideration. No wonder all the nice rich men on the other side of the railings looked at me askance!



Student. "I WANT SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE BRONZES. I SUPPOSE I HAD BETTER WRITE TO THE KEEPER?"

Attendant. YES, MISS; OR YOU MIGHT SEE HIM VERBALLY!"

CHAPTER V.—*The Plea.*

I selected the man with the least railing and askancity about him. To him I addressed my plea. "I want to cash this cheque, please. I swear to you that I am not naughtily impersonating Hugh Wotnot. I beg you to believe that I am Hugh Wotnot. I am trying hard to believe so myself. . . . If you are going to make a fuss, please, please have me arrested as quietly as you possibly can."

I may add that I said all that with my eyes. My tongue was too parched to be of any real use.

CHAPTER VI.—*The Depths.*

"Will you kindly endorse it, Sir?" he said with mock politeness. A trap!

He intended to compare the signatures! I took up the pen, and, when he was not looking, I deliberately copied my signature from the other side. Oh, yes, I am a criminal all right now. I have forged my own signature, and forged it very badly, too.

CHAPTER VII.—*The Escape.*

This is how I escaped. After examining the signature for, I should say, two hours and forty-five minutes, he thrust five golden sovereigns at me. I could have told from the way he did so, if I had not already known, that I had done something wicked. Burning though I was to bolt before the police came, I yet stayed and counted the money slowly. I even stood and brushed my hat deliberately on my sleeve before I sauntered to the door. The police had not yet come. The porter was off his guard. I looked him in the face and, feigning an expression of I-am-only-going-now-because-nobody-seems-to-want-me-but-I-shall-be-coming-back-in-a-minute, I passed out into the open. I wonder when they will come and arrest me?

II.—THE CRIME OF LADY LINNET.

The question was, whom had Lady Linnet murdered? It could not have been Hugh Wotnot, because he was the hero of our last story and this is the beginning of our new one. Lord Linnet was suspected, but not the keenest cross-examination could shake him in his sworn statement that he had not been murdered. Who then was it? That is a question which must ever remain unanswered. Frankly, we do not know.

A SURPRISE DISTRIBUTION.

We were talking of the most surprising thing we had ever known or seen: such things as come into the observation or experience of ordinary stay-at-home people, not lion hunters or polar explorers or special correspondents.

"Well," said I, "one of the most surprising things I ever saw I saw last evening. It was in a third-class carriage, into which came a soldier. He was a tall handsome fellow, with some stripes, and from his conversation with another soldier at the door, until the train started, I gathered that he was a bit of a dog among the ladies too. Well, no sooner had the train started than he produced from somewhere or other about his person a spectacle case, took out a pair of spectacles, rubbed them with his handkerchief, put them on, and began to read the evening paper.

"I have always said that a British

working man with a single eye-glass would be one of the most extraordinary possible sights that could be imagined; but an English soldier in spectacles runs that very close."

"My surprise," said Eastlake, "was like this. It was all the more surprising because I was surprised by myself. I must tell you that I have an unfortunate habit—I try to fight against it—of appearing to be more interested in a subject about which someone is talking to me than perhaps I really am. I did not know this formerly. I know it now. If, for instance, I met the Dean of Arches at a dinner-party he would probably—if I did not take due precautions—go away under the impression that my hobby, apart from my profession, was ecclesiastical law. Similarly an owner of racehorses would suppose that in my spare moments my thoughts ran entirely on the Turf. This weakness is strongly emphasised, I'm afraid, by the fact that, being a journalist, I have been trained to make the best strategic use of my information.

"Well, when I was staying once in Wiltshire I had a most agreeable conversation about birds in a house where I had been invited to luncheon. My host was full of information, and I threw such light as I could on the subject by telling him about birds I had noticed in my own county of Cheshire. You understand that I know very little about birds, except that robins are pugnacious and kill one another, and that cuckoos generally prefer hedge-sparrows' nests, and such commonplaces as that. A day or two later, this host I am telling you about asked me to luncheon again—quite a pressing invitation. When I arrived, he said, 'I am delighted that you could come. This is Mr. — [introducing me to a well-known ornithologist], who particularly wished to meet you. I told him about our conversation the other day. He is most anxious to compare his notes with yours on certain points of detail. In fact he has long been trying to meet with an observer of the Cheshire birds —' It was terrible. I can see now the penetrating, ornithological glances of that man through his spectacles. And he had come half across the county to meet me."

"But, my dear Eastlake," I said sympathetically, "this might happen to you again any day."

"Too true!" he said. "But, as I have told you, I take precautions. It has almost become a habit with me to say 'I am intensely interested in this subject, but I really know nothing about it.'"

"My pet surprise," said Latimer, "occurred about two years ago, and nothing has happened since to beat it. We had been asked to dinner at a neighbouring



ENTHUSIASM.

Anxious Messenger. "SAY, FIREMAN, THERE'S ANOTHER FIRE BROKEN OUT UP THE STREET."

New Recruit. "ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP; KEEP HER GOING TILL WE'VE FINISHED THIS ONE."

country house occupied by very swagger people. We got a lift there in a friend's motor, but arranged to be fetched at half-past ten in the village fly—one of the finest extant specimens of a vehicle which will soon be in existence only in museums. Everybody for miles around knew it and its octogenarian horse; but there was nothing else available.

"Very well: the dinner passed off as such things do: I was between a Countess and a Lady: my wife was hedged about by peers. Then came an hour or more of hard talk in the drawing-room, all very strange to me. And then, to my profound relief, I heard the sound

of wheels as the venerable fly arrived, and a footman with powdered hair flung open the door and announced, 'Mr. Latimer's car!' Car! The unexpectedness—the grotesque unsuitability—of that word—its impact on my brain—has still to be beaten."

Fruit!

"The First Fruit of the Year—Some Novel Ways of Preparing Rhubarb," says *The Daily Mail*. The great thing, we take it, is to remember to remove the pips after peeling. (P.S.—We hope we have not misled people by saying "we take it." We don't.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To err in the direction of reprinting in book form miscellaneous articles that have first seen the light in a magazine is human. Occasions when the procedure is justified are rare. One presents itself in *To-day and To-morrow* (JOHN MURRAY), a volume in which Lord ESHER preserves flotsam and jetsam rescued from the Dead Sea of monthly magazines that long ago ran their course. An expert on military topics, a member of the Imperial Defence Committee, over which the PREMIER presides, his *dicta* on military concerns will receive respectful consideration in the quarters most nearly concerned. The general reader will be attracted by the chapters on Queen VICTORIA'S Journals, in the editing of which Lord ESHER shared; by the essays on GORDON, PARSELL'S downfall, Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. PITT. In the first the writer is a little constrained by the awesomeness of touch with royalty. In the others, giving full play to his pen, he is entertaining and instructive. The article on GORDON, long time a personal friend, is one of the most attractive tributes to the memory of that heroic man I remember having read. Very ingenious is the parallel established between PITT and Lord ROSEBERY in review of the latter's monologue on the great Commoner. On page 193 there will be found an artlessly veiled reference indicative of peculiar personal circumstances in Lord ROSEBERY'S first and only Administration, which from its birth doomed it to a troubled life and an early death.

Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE, having his laugh at journalism in general, chips the race of reviewers upon their accustomed use of "the good, round, eulogistic sentence, readily detachable for each book's publisher to quote in his advertisements." Merely personal reasons, therefore, prevent me from calling *A Hind Let Loose* a brilliant novel, a most readable book, one of the destined successes of this publishing season. Without prejudice, I may say that it concerns itself with the newspaper enterprise of a big provincial town, and introduces Mr. Pinn, of *The Stalwart* (Liberal), and Mr. Brumby, of *The Warbler* (Tory), the one priggish, the other pompous, both revelling in a vicarious reputation for literary ability. The shocking truth is that the stirring leaders of both are written by deputy: the humour of it, that their deputy is the same wild Irishman. Of the discovery of this fact, the righteously indignant dismissal of the double deputy, the shamefaced but inevitable re-installment of him in both editorial sancta, it is less to be said that they are well told than that they happen in the most natural and laughable way in the world. True, there is little love interest, but that only shows that one can be merry and

bright and even interesting without being in love. In other circumstances I would have said with all solemnity that the reader would not put the book down until he had finished the last page. Instead, I point with meticulous care to a fault of affectation on page 154, but add that this one fault is too trivial to be worth the finding. I hope Messrs. METHUEN will find that last sentence detachable and eulogistic enough to quote, if a book of such merit stands at all in need of advertisement.

Unreserved praise could be given to *Quaker Robins* (STANLEY PAUL) if Mr. WILFRID RANDELL had laid less stress upon the love-story, and had allowed *Ethelberta* (the cat) and *Quintus Horatius Flaccus* (the dog) to remain dumb. One feels that the book has been puffed out with some unnecessary and inferior padding; for Mr. RANDELL'S real business is with engines, and when he is writing of them his descriptive powers are undeniably fascinating. *Quaker Robins*, although he looks on the cover like a Yankee "boss" on a holiday, was an engine-driver by trade, and when he was separated



FORGOTTEN SPORT: SNAPPING THE DRAGON.

from his engine he seemed to me to be incomplete. Full marks in domestic virtue can without hesitation be awarded to him, but, pattern husband as he was, I am bound to say that I liked him best when he was at work. There are incidents in this book which are not only to be recommended to engine-lovers, but also to anyone who likes stirring narrative; and for my own part I can add that since reading it I have regarded engines as if they were human beings, and all railway-men with an increased sympathy and interest.

I hope that Mr. T. A. Cook will pardon me for saying that his book, *International Sport* (CONSTABLE), is a hotch-potch, when I add that I found it a delightful one. Mr. Cook disarms me when he says in a preface, "This modest volume has no pretensions to be a very serious contribution to the history of sport or travel;" but as regards sport, at any rate, I venture to say that he has no cause to be so apologetic. For its variety of information—given in a manner far from pedantic—*International Sport* is both useful to read and valuable as a book of reference. Not only do we get the history of the Olympic Games and the names of those who won wreaths of olive in 1906, but also we are given a list of "all the winners" in the Games of 1908. In these days, when one hears so much groaning over our athletic decadence, it is a pleasure to meet an author who has a whole-hearted enthusiasm for amateur sport, and some very pertinent remarks to make about it.

"WANTED, a Gardener. Any windmill pump experience appreciated. Able to drive. Abstainer and Christian. State reference. 700 feet high."—*The Lady*.

What an exceptional man a gardener has to be nowadays.